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63D CONGRESS  
3d Session

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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# ROBERT GUNN BREMNER

(Late a Representative from New Jersey)

## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE  
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND THE SENATE  
OF THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-THIRD CONGRESS

Proceedings in the House  
January 24, 1915

Proceedings in the Senate  
February 6, 1914

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## WOODROW WILSON'S TRIBUTE

In a speech at Paterson, N. J., on the evening of November 4, 1912, the day before the presidential election, Woodrow Wilson, advocating the election of Mr. BREMNER to Congress, uttered these words, which have been inscribed on a bronze tablet that the friends of Mr. BREMNER have erected in Passaic, N. J.:

IF EVER IN ALL YOUR LIFE YOU KNEW OF A BETTER, TRUER, AND MORE INDOMITABLE FIGHTER THAN "BOB" BREMNER, I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU SHOW HIM TO ME. HE IS EVER READY TO BATTLE ON AND ON FOR PRINCIPLE. ODDS DO NOT DAUNT HIM.

IN COMING IN CONTACT WITH HIM ON FREQUENT OCCASIONS, I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MADE TO FEEL HIS GREAT CHARM AND HIS INFLUENCE. AFTER MEETING HIM, WHEREVER IT MIGHT BE, I ALWAYS FEEL LIKE AN OLD STORAGE ELECTRIC BATTERY THAT HAS BEEN RENEWED BY SUCH CONTACT.

NOW, LET US HAVE SOME OF THAT ELECTRICAL POWER AT WASHINGTON. WE NEED IT THERE. NOT THAT THERE IS NONE THERE NOW, BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE THIS GREAT FORCE—THIS RED-BLOODED, FIGHTING BREMNER FORCE DIFFUSED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND USED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NATION.

I'D LIKE TO SEE THIS FIGHTER DOWN IN WASHINGTON. THERE ARE FIGHTERS THERE, BUT THEY WOULD BE ENCOURAGED AND HEARTENED IF THEY COULD SEE BREMNER ONCE A DAY—THIS INDOMITABLE, PLUCKY SOUL.





## DEATH OF HON. ROBERT GUNN BREMNER

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### PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

THURSDAY, *February 5, 1914.*

Mr. HAMILL. Mr. Speaker, I offer a privileged resolution.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from New Jersey [Mr. Hamill] offers a privileged resolution, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ROBERT GUNN BREMNER, a Representative from the State of New Jersey.

*Resolved*, That a committee of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

*Resolved*, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the present consideration of the resolutions? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints as the committee on the part of the House the following gentlemen:

Mr. Hamill, Mr. Kinkead of New Jersey, Mr. Scully, Mr. Tuttle, Mr. McCoy, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Hart, Mr. Baker, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Eagan, Mr. Johnson of Kentucky, Mr.

George, Mr. Ashbrook, Mr. Browning, Mr. Cary, Mr. Prouty, Mr. Wallin, Mr. Winslow, Mr. Keister, and Mr. Broussard.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the next resolution. The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to; accordingly (at 6 o'clock and 46 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Friday, February 6, 1914, at 12 o'clock noon.

FRIDAY, February 6, 1914.

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Thou who hast ever been our refuge and our strength, a very present help in trouble, our hearts turn instinctively to Thee in this time of sorrow. The silver cord has been loosed, the golden bowl broken, the soul of another Member of this House has crossed the great divide.

None knew him but to love him;  
None named him but to praise.

His sunny smile and cheery words from a warm, sympathetic heart will be missed by us and by a host of friends in all the walks and conditions of life. Strong, brave, noble, generous, Thou hast called him to the realm from whence no traveler returns. But blessed be Thy holy name for the profound faith and eternal hope which fill our breasts. He may not return to us, but we shall go to him, to be greeted once more by the warm clasp of his hand, the bright smile, and cheery voice. Be this

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PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

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our comfort and solace to those who are bound to him by the ties of kinship.

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

The faith, the hope, the love born of Heaven will live on forever. Thus may we cherish his memory. Thus may we press forward with brave and manly hearts, trusting in the undying love of a Heavenly Father who doeth all things well. In the name of Him who taught us that life is stronger than death. Amen.

Mr. JOHNSON of Kentucky. Mr. Speaker, the late Representative BREMNER, who died yesterday, and who is to be buried on Monday next, was a member of the Committee on the District of Columbia. Under the rules of the House, Monday next, February 9, 1914, is District day. As many members of the committee desire to attend his funeral, I ask unanimous consent that the business in order on Monday next be transferred from Monday until Thursday, February 12, 1914.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection?

There was no objection, and it was so ordered.

FRIDAY, *December 18, 1914.*

Mr. DRUKKER. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the order which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the order.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Ordered*, That Sunday, January 24, 1915, be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of Hon. ROBERT G. BREMNER, late a Representative from the State of New Jersey.

The SPEAKER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

There was no objection.

THURSDAY, January 21, 1915.

The SPEAKER. The Chair assigns the gentleman from New Jersey [Mr. Baker] to preside next Sunday at the memorial exercises on account of the death of the late Mr. BREMNER, of New Jersey.

SUNDAY, January 24, 1915.

The House met at 12 o'clock noon, and was called to order by Mr. Baker as Speaker pro tempore.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Thou God and Father of us all, the inspiration of all that is purest, noblest, best in us; the author and finisher of our faith. We are here to-day in memory of a departed soul who left behind him an enviable record, a mechanic, a soldier, a journalist, a Member of this House, and, though his career was cut short by the hand of death, whatever he did he put his soul into it and won the plaudits of his fellows for efficiency and faithfulness, than which no greater tribute can be paid to any man.

[ It is not the man who lives longest but the man who puts into a short life the best that is in him who accomplishes most. We mourn his going, but the memory of his genial and optimistic view of life, which under the most adverse and discouraging circumstances left its impress and still lives in the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, to him the well done, good and faithful servant, came in all its fullness, and though his body has passed into dust his soul lives to the glory and honor of his Maker.

Be this our comfort and solace to those to whom he was nearest and dearest. Give to us and to them the upward look, the undying hope in Him who burst the bonds of

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PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

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death, the earnest of all who put their trust in Him, and Thine be the glory forever. Amen.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will read the special order for to-day.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Drukker, by unanimous consent,

*Ordered*, That Sunday, January 24, 1915, be set apart for services upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. ROBERT G. BREMNER, late a Representative from the State of New Jersey.

Mr. DRUKKER. Mr. Speaker, several Members of the House who had signified their intention of being here to-day have been unexpectedly called from the city. I ask unanimous consent that they may print in the Record remarks on the life, character, and services of the late Mr. BREMNER.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from New Jersey asks unanimous consent that Members who desire to do so may print in the Record remarks on the life, character, and services of the late Mr. BREMNER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Mr. DRUKKER. Mr. Speaker, I send to the Clerk's desk the following resolution.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the resolution offered by the gentleman from New Jersey.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 711

*Resolved*, That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. ROBERT G. BREMNER, late a Member of this House from the State of New Jersey.

*Resolved*, That as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE BREMNER

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career the House, at the conclusion of these exercises, shall stand adjourned.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

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### ADDRESS OF MR. HAMILL, OF NEW JERSEY

Mr. SPEAKER: We have come here to-day in compliance with a commendable and well-observed rule of this House to remember our departed colleague, ROBERT GUNN BREMNER. Amidst the many cares and duties of our busy daily-life we have paused for a while to hold these few simple ceremonies in order that the motto, "Gone, but not forgotten," may not be a mere empty form of words but that it may possess a living, definite, and emphatic meaning.

Our absent colleague has gone away, never again to return. He has left us in the heyday of his young manhood and before his ambitions were realized or his hopes were fulfilled. He has gone into the silent land. He has succumbed to the onslaught of death, the conqueror.

How resistless is the mighty and destroying angel, death. What mortal power for a moment can impede his approach? Who can defy his dread summons to join the countless host whose home lies beyond the portals of the grave? Can power, however extensive; can wealth, however boundless; or learning, however marvelous, ward off or withstand him? No! The king, whose mere nod commands obeisance from millions of subjects, will in turn one day yield obeisance to a monarch more absolute; the conqueror, whose might is invincible, will eventually perish at the approach of a conqueror unseen; the opulent one, whose uncounted wealth can purchase every pleasure in life, can not with all his treasures buy

immunity from death. And science, with all its wonderful discoveries and developments, can compound no elixir that will prolong human existence a moment beyond its allotted span. Every hour of bounding life urges us on to death, and the whole world without exception sweeps on to its gigantic burial—

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Death is indeed inevitably certain in its occurrence, but the time when it will arrive is uncertain and unheralded. We can tell in advance the regular revolution of the seasons or the alternate coming of night and day; we can determine the time when trees and grasses will grow and wither, when roses will bloom and fade, but human eye can not pierce nor can human reason remove the veil that shrouds and conceals the coming of death.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
And stars to set; but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

These thoughts teem in our minds during this quiet and suggestive hour as we commemorate him who in life was numbered among us.

We tender our deepest condolences to his stricken family and linger a few moments to reflect upon his busy and useful life.

ROBERT GLENN BREMNER was born on December 17, 1873, in the little village of Keiss, in Caithness, the most northern county of Scotland. His father was a seaman and ship carpenter by trade. The small, peaceful village, however, afforded few opportunities for prosperity, and to advance the fortunes of the family the father sailed for America and finally settled on a farm in Canada.

Life on the farm was hard, and ROBERT early became inured to hard labor, but it was possible by dint of unremitting industry to give him the advantages of an education. During his earlier years he attended the local schools. This education was supplemented by a course in the higher educational institutions, where he equipped himself to follow the profession of school-teacher. He was always an eager and hungry student. He read every book that was available and feverishly panted for that broader knowledge which he afterwards possessed in so marked a degree. This passion for books and knowledge never abated.

He abandoned the profession of school-teaching and took up the trade of electrician. In this new field he met with small success. He was not a man to succeed in trade or a mechanical business. He knew nothing about driving sharp bargains, or if he did he never put it into practice, and as a result he soon abandoned this avocation.

Finally he drifted into journalism and it was in this profession that he achieved distinction and success. He served as a representative of different papers in the city of Paterson, N. J., and in 1902 took charge of the Passaic Herald. His reputation as a journalist is identified with the growth and prosperity of that newspaper in the up-building of which he took such a conspicuous part. He made it one of the ablest papers in the State. He had a hard struggle at first, but by pluck, energy, and determination made his newspaper adventure a splendid success.

We who were admitted to his warm friendship knew him as a most lovable man, and all who came within the scope of his influence entertained for him the deepest affection. His face was itself a fair type of his nature, which was essentially of the sunshine character. All of us admired his brilliant intellect and all of us knew his

warm, unselfish heart. He held high place in public esteem and in the affection of his legion of friends. Had his life been spared he would undoubtedly have taken a commanding position in the deliberations of this House.

It is unnecessary for me to recount the heroic struggle which he made against the remorseless disease which eventually consumed his life. The country watched his brave fight with eager interest and felt a severe pang when his eyelids closed in death. His struggle to regain health ceased only when he lapsed into unconsciousness from which he passed into death. As he himself expressed it in memorable words, "The question is not whether I am going to get well, but rather if I am going to live up to ideals for dying gamely, which are just as helpful to the race as living bravely."

He of all men made unselfishness the rule of his daily life, and there has never been a more self-sacrificing character or a more self-abnegating spirit or one who had more watchful regard for the comfort and interest of others than ROBERT GUNN BREMNER. He remained throughout all his life a brave, honorable, Christian gentleman, a loyal friend, and a lover of his fellow men.

On that dark February 5, 1911, when the soul of ROBERT BREMNER fled from the busy scenes of earth to seek its Maker and its God, the curtain fell on a human life brimful of the most inspiring instances of noble and unselfish effort, a life which will always continue to exert a deep and inspiring impression.

All must go to their cold graves;  
Only the nations of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

#### ADDRESS OF MR. BAILEY, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: If we are to understand the brave soul in whose memory we are assembled to-day, we must understand something at least of the philosophy which bore him up even in the unspeakable agonies which gripped his poor body as he dropped slowly down into the valley of the shadow of death.

BOB BREMNER was one of the finest souls it has ever been my good fortune to know. While my personal acquaintance with him was but brief; while we met only a very few times, and then only for fleeting moments, I had known of him for years, and had known of his work as a newspaper man, and as an evangel of that great gospel of brotherhood in spreading which almost his latest breath was given.

We were drawn together by a kinship of faith, by a kinship of aspiration, by a kinship of desire. All the great heart of BOB BREMNER was responsive to the cry of the oppressed. He hated injustice. His anger flamed out against tyranny. Every fiber of his being rebelled against a social system which condemns increasing thousands to involuntary poverty.

Against this stupid system BOB BREMNER arrayed himself in deadly and unrelenting conflict. To the very last hours of his life he was dedicated to its overthrow; and there can be no doubt that had disease not laid him low he would have become a power in this House, as he had been a power in his State and in his city, for the advancement of the fundamental truths which lay at the base of his philosophy and made living to him worth while.

The increase of poverty with the increase of wealth was to him a monstrous perversion of the natural order. He could reconcile the fact with no sane interpretation of God's design in this world. To him the want and misery which he saw all around him were a frightful indictment of our so-called Christian civilization. It was at the same time a sharp and bitter impeachment of a social order which would tolerate it.

While there was never a more charitable being on earth than BOB BREMNER, charity, in his estimation, was no solution of the problem which forces itself upon our attention at every turn. He gave with a free hand, yet knowing that in giving he was perhaps accentuating the evil which he sought to relieve. But he never was content with mere giving. That did not salve his conscience as it salves the conscience of so many. He felt that more than this was demanded, and so he gave of his life, of his labor, of the very essence of his fine soul to the solution of the problem itself by breaking down the barriers between labor and opportunity, between the worker and the good things which wait on effort.

BOB BREMNER saw with a clear vision the monstrous blasphemy against the Creator of that comfortable doctrine which ascribes the present social order to a dispensation from on high. He knew that God did not create this beautiful earth for the fortunate few. He knew it was created for all the children of men. The heaven, even the heaven is the Lord's; but the earth hath He given to the children of men—not to some of the children; not to the children of some men; not to my lord or his grace; not to the first comers and their heirs and assigns forever, but to all the children of men throughout all the generations; theirs to live and labor on; theirs to enjoy; theirs to make blossom as the rose.

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ADDRESS OF MR. BAILEY, OF PENNSYLVANIA

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I do not know what faith as to the future our friend had. I do not know that conventional faith had any hold on him at all. But I do know that he had a religion of humanity which irradiated his life and gave it a sweet and beautiful meaning. With Henry George he felt that it was not selfishness that enriches the annals of every people with heroes and saints.

It is not selfishness that on every page of the world's history bursts out in sudden splendor of noble deeds or sheds the soft radiance of benignant lives. It was not selfishness that turned Gautama's back to his royal home or bade the Maid of Orleans lift the sword from the altar; that held the Three Hundred in the Pass of Thermopylæ, or gathered into Winkelried's bosom the sheaf of spears; that chained Vincent de Paul to the bench of the galley, or brought little starving children during the Indian famine tottering to the relief stations with yet weaker starvelings in their arms. Call it religion, patriotism, sympathy, the enthusiasm for humanity, or the love of God—give it what name you will, there is yet a force which overcomes and drives out selfishness; a force which is the electricity of the moral universe; a force beside which all others are weak.

And it was this force which possessed BOB BREMNER and bore him up even when the shadows were gathering around about him. With him it was possible to say in the words of the great leader he was so proud to follow:

Look around to-day. Lo, here, now, in our civilized society, the old allegories yet have a meaning, the old myths are still true. Into the Valley of the Shadow of Death yet often leads the path of duty, through the streets of Vanity Fair walk Christian and Faithful; and on Greatheart's armor ring the clanging blows. Ormuzd still fights with Ahriman—the Prince of Light with the Powers of Darkness. He who will hear, to him the clarions of the battle call.

How they call, and call, and call, till the heart swells that hears them! Strong soul and high endeavor, the world needs them now. Beauty still lies imprisoned; and iron wheels go over

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE BREMNER

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the good and true and beautiful that might spring from human lives. And they who fight with Ormuzd—

As our brother so bravely did—

though they may not know each other—somewhere, sometime, will the muster roll be called.

## ADDRESS OF MR. HART, OF NEW JERSEY

Mr. SPEAKER: When night was coming upon the Hon. ROBERT GUNN BREMNER; when, tortured by a gnawing pain and martyred by experiment, he soothed his sufferings with the thought—

My life is not worth one-tenth of the effort that has been put forth to save it. I am ready for the scrap-heap, but I feel the cutting and the doctoring has added to the knowledge—. Some poor soul who comes after may benefit. The question is not whether I am going to get well or not, but rather if I am going to live up to ideals under tests; for dying gamely is just as helpful to the race as living bravely. Some day science will conquer, and I think I would rather be in the category of those who were in the fight and helped win the victory than be one of those who placidly reap the benefit—

He voiced his dominant characteristic—a sinking of self in the welfare of others.

He had an eye single upon the advancement of all but himself. In a long and close companionship, I never heard him seek personal preferment or consideration; and he was influenced to accept the nomination which resulted in his election to the House of Representatives largely because by so doing it was believed he would assist his associates.

His father was a victim of the decaying industries of Wick, Caithness, Scotland, of which Stevenson wrote: “The meanest of man’s towns in the baldest of God’s hays.”

While “Bob” was yet a child in arms his father emigrated to Canada. The spirit of this father, which enabled him to cast aside the memory of a lost fortune and begin life anew, in not only a new enterprise but in an

unknown country, was inherited by "Bon" BREMNER in marked degree.

Believing the sphere of his youth too narrow, without plan, and armed alone by a supreme confidence in his own resourcefulness, early in life he passed from his rural home to one of our largest cities.

Without assistance, he procured employment in this unfamiliar environment. Progressing, step by step, he soon became the proprietor and editor of one of the most influential newspapers in northern New Jersey, and a benefactor of the poor and distressed.

His faults were other people's virtues.

I occupy the desk that was once my late colleague's, and am inspired by Carlyle's lines, conspicuously placed thereon by him:

Out of eternity this new day is born;  
Into eternity at night will return.  
Behold it aforetime no eye ever did,  
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.  
So here has been dawning another blue day.  
Think; wilt thou let it slip useless away?

He entertained no fear, except of idleness and uselessness. There seemed no limit to his ambition or his activities. While lying in apparent agony, a smile struggling with a facial twitch of pain, his greeting was ever "Never felt better in all my life," a pardonable misstatement. He shamed us all who were prone to complain.

That smile has passed from us, but the memory of it is here, and we may retain it as our most valuable asset. He taught us to work, to produce, to suffer—and yet to smile. And fortunate is the man who profits by "Bon's" lesson.

He was never spectacular, but ever persuasive. There was none of the spurious about Bon BREMNER. He detested hypocrisy and falsehood—the falsehood of deeds

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ADDRESS OF MR. HART, OF NEW JERSEY

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as of words. Born in poverty, suffering as a pioneer, he understood the poor and their struggles, and with indomitable courage he fought their fight.

His virtues were natural—he had no veneer. We served in one regiment through the Spanish-American campaign of 1898 and in close companionship I observed him—at all hours, under every mental and physical influence.

Truly, he was an asset to the world; he improved his talents and will hear “Well done.”

A companion of the press has handed me his tribute to our bereaved colleague. I have read it, and feel that it must strike a harmonious chord in every breast.

(*In memoriam R. G. BREMNER*, by L. H. Robbins, Newark Evening News)

UPWARD

Upward his watchword was, and year by year,  
Joy in his eyes, he climbed the rugged way.  
Even when death's hard hand struck icy fear  
Into his soul, he halted not a day.

Upward he toiled through grief no friend might know,  
True to his dream at any painful price.  
Serving his fellow men we saw him go  
Up to the very door of Paradise.

### ADDRESS OF MR. EAGAN, OF NEW JERSEY

Mr. SPEAKER: Almost a year ago there passed from among us one of the most remarkable men who ever sat in this legislative body, ROBERT GUNN BREMNER, a Representative from the seventh congressional district of New Jersey. Following the old and beautiful custom of this House, we pause to-day in our legislative labors to pay our tributes of respect to his memory and to tell as best we may the story of his short but very useful life and to point out the lesson of that life.

It was not my good fortune to know BOB BREMNER until election to this House brought us into association with one another. In the all too short time between our first meeting and his death I saw but little of him, and yet that little was sufficient to convince me that BOB BREMNER was one of the noblest of men. I must leave to those of my colleagues who knew him longer and more intimately the pleasant task of recounting his many and more intimate virtues.

Membership in this great body has its responsibilities and its cares, but it also has its compensations. One of the greatest of these is the intimate and enduring friendships which we form with one another. My friendship—aye, my love—for BOB BREMNER began, as it did with everyone else who had the good fortune to know him, from the moment almost of our introduction. That friendship will be one of the dearest memories I shall take with me when I leave this House. The old saying, "To know him was to love him," applied with special force to BOB BREMNER.

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ADDRESS OF MR. EAGAN, OF NEW JERSEY

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The world surely is better because BOB BREMNER lived. Every Member of this House who knew him at all—indeed, every man and woman in America who followed his manly fight for life against the ravages of the dread disease which was slowly but surely overwhelming him—is the better because the Almighty saw fit to place the great soul of BOB BREMNER in its tenement of clay for a few short years.

BOB BREMNER was indeed “a brave man struggling in the storms of fate.” Coupled with indomitable courage and great optimism was a never-failing cheerfulness, which enabled him to smile while undergoing the most intense pain. He possessed in a rare degree the ability to look on the brighter side of life and to impart to all who came within his reach much of the cheerfulness which radiated from him.

His all-pervading good humor made him a welcome addition to any group of his fellows. His entrance into this Chamber was always the signal for many eyes to be turned on him in admiration of his manly struggle against fate, and for a number of his colleagues to gather around him to inquire how he was getting on and to be entertained by his quaint and witty comments on men and events.

I shall never forget the last visit made to him by Congressman Hart and myself at Dr. Kelly’s sanitarium in Baltimore a few days before his death. We found him propped up in bed with Bible on one side and a volume of Shakespeare on the other. When we entered the room it was plain to us that the shadow of death was even then upon him. I believe that he knew that he had but a very few days to live and yet he was as cheerful as when I first met him. He assured us that he would be back at his work in a short time and told us of the plans he was making for his return to the House and to his con-

gressional labors. He appeared to take as keen an interest in events as if he really expected to be back at his work the following week. We recited at some length the story of our patronage and other troubles of the preceding week, to his great amusement. He recounted to us his own troubles along the same line with his usual zest and good humor. It was almost impossible to realize that a spirit such as his was about to leave us.

BOB BREMNER was as unselfish as he was heroic. His heroism and unselfishness can be expressed in no better way than in the simple statement from what was to be his deathbed that even if the treatment to which he was being subjected were to prove unsuccessful in his own case, he was glad to suffer if the experiment should result in relieving others afflicted with the dread disease which was soon to claim him for its own. He suffered intense agony in these experiments, not so much, I believe, in the hope that it might benefit himself as that it would benefit others.

I can not conclude this feeble tribute to the memory of my friend and colleague without a reference to the sisterly devotion and affection of Miss Helen Bremner. Miss Helen was with her brother constantly. She aided him in his congressional work, and when the heavy hand of illness was laid upon him and he was unable to go to his office she was his very able and courteous substitute. At the end of each day she dropped the rôle of secretary to take up that of nurse.

While Bob Bremner's death was a very great loss to all the members of his family, it was, if possible, an even greater loss to Miss Helen, who never left the bedside of her brother during the last eight days of his illness.

Bob Bremner's friends were legion. By none was he more esteemed and loved than by President Wilson and

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ADDRESS OF MR. EAGAN, OF NEW JERSEY

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his lamented wife. It is fitting that I should close with this tribute to his memory by President Wilson:

I am deeply grieved by the loss of BOB BREMNER. He was a personal friend, whom I greatly admired, and was such a man as attracts deep affection. Throughout his suffering, which was long-continued, he seemed never to think of himself, as he certainly never spoke of himself, and he was throughout as keenly interested in the diligent performance of his public duties and in kindly offices to others as if he had been free from pain. I feel that a beautiful spirit has gone out of the world.

#### ADDRESS OF MR. DRUKKER, OF NEW JERSEY

Mr. SPEAKER: ROBERT GUNN BREMNER was born in Keiss, Scotland, December 17, 1873, and it was from his Scotch ancestry that he inherited much of the indomitable will and courage which marked his career. At an early age he went to Toronto and ultimately settled on a farm in the neighboring village of Camella. He studied diligently, taught school, and subsequently came to Paterson, N. J., where he engaged in newspaper work. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War he enlisted in Company C, Second New Jersey Volunteer Infantry. In 1902 he became editor and publisher of the Passaic Herald, and served in that capacity up to the time of his death.

BOB BREMNER, as he was familiarly called, had the faculty of making and retaining friends. His mind was a storehouse of knowledge; his disposition sunny and cheerful. He was eminently fitted for the career he had mapped out and for the duties which were imposed upon him during the last year of his life.

His marked ability and leadership early attracted attention; and though suffering from an incurable illness he was nominated by his party without opposition to represent the seventh congressional district of New Jersey in the Sixty-third Congress. Only those who were favored with intimate acquaintance know how with pain-racked body he sought faithfully to carry out the wishes of his constituents. Those who were most closely associated with him during his protracted illness recall that even the greatest suffering could not break this masterly spirit of cheerfulness. No matter how severe his agony, this man,

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## ADDRESS OF MR. DRUKKER, OF NEW JERSEY

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whose body was so cruelly spent by disease, had always the same tender smile and cheery welcome for his visiting townspeople.

History has made heroes of men whose deeds required no such fortitude as was displayed by this young Passaic editor, in whom bodily affliction could not put a check upon ambition, and who was able to look at life hopefully and philosophically even though, in his own heart, he knew that nothing could save him.

We can well believe the story which reached us from his bedside during his last hours. When asked why he submitted to further treatment after the attending physicians were forced to admit that it was impossible to extend relief, he replied:

They may not be able to help me, but they can learn something from their experience which may be of help to others.

As an editor he did much for his city, where his pen was always ready to advocate reform. His life will be measured not by his achievements in this Chamber, where his illness prevented him from regular attendance, but in Passaic, N. J., where he labored long and was untiring in his efforts to advance the public good.

### ADDRESS OF MR. MONTAGUE, OF VIRGINIA

Mr. SPEAKER: The late Member of this House in whose memory we are now gathered has living within my district two brothers, one a very earnest and devout minister of the Gospel and the other a lawyer of capability and success, of energy and good example. Knowing well these gentlemen, for I count them my friends, I was naturally much interested in meeting their brother when I became a Member of this House.

I had learned somewhat of his illness, but I was hardly prepared to see the inroad of this fatal malady so marked and so advanced. I first saw him sitting on the front row beyond the last aisle to the right of the Speaker with his arm apparently beneath the sleeve of his coat and supported by a dark bandage of cloth. It was apparent that the winding sheet of death was more than half about him, but despite this gloomy picture I found the greeting cordial and cheerful, a face of smiles, almost effeminate in tenderness, and here and there a seam or line that indicated intensity of suffering, but a fortitude to combat it. Such a personality attracted me, as I am sure it attracted every Member who met him.

It is a fine thing to see a man battling against tremendous adversities of life. It is an inspiration to see a great soul endeavoring to overcome the moral and physical difficulties of the world. But to observe at close hand a man fighting for his life against such transcendent obstacles, with supreme cheerfulness and rare courage, will perhaps leave to you and to me a stimulus for the public good, a contribution to our official standards, greater than

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ADDRESS OF MR. MONTAGUE, OF VIRGINIA

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any forensic triumphs that may resound through this Hall.

Eloquence may be sometimes preserved by the records of this House; wit may here and there leave a shaft to be seen in after years; reason and exposition may cleave the clouds of our doubts; but I suspect I voice the inner conscience of the membership of the House when I observe that you and I are most helped in the discharge of our public duties by contact with a clean, lofty soul standing firm amidst racking pain and lowering clouds that gather about the end of the journey, and knowing no hypocrisy and no cant.

In the short period of life, which is but a watch in the night, it is more helpful to strike hands with some sincere man, burdened with the same responsibilities, than to be moved by those forces that sometimes lend majesty to this forum. We have in our natures those subtle, finer, and more enduring qualities that find their sources in the spirit, and to the spirit the still, small voice is deep if not loud. Contact with such a character lends luster and exaltation to life.

Mr. Speaker, it is a mournful pleasure to associate myself with the membership of this House in giving some expression to my appreciation of ROBERT G. BREMNER and to pay my feeble tribute to this patient, hopeful man, with a serene but intrepid spirit, laboring for good amidst pain and agony and walking the last path of earth with a faith and a hope we may well envy.

#### ADDRESS OF MR. BAKER, OF NEW JERSEY

Mr. SPEAKER: ROBERT GUNN BREMNER had individuality, force, and character. He could do things, and as much as other men might evade the onus of effort, so much and more he would engage in the struggle that intervenes between being common and uncommon.

His work shows what possibilities lie in the barest opportunity, for he was borne down for years by the torments of wasting physical pain and had no auxiliaries beyond his own personality.

His joyous countenance gave no sign of the suffering that racked his body. He was a conqueror. His great spirit and will triumphed over as many obstacles as ever beset the path of any man, and his loss is a large subtraction from the worth of the world.

## ADDRESS OF MR. GEORGE, OF NEW YORK

Mr. SPEAKER: It is with deep and solemn joy that I participate in the services in memory of my colleague and friend, ROBERT GUNN BREMNER. We were participants in certain committee work of this House of exempting buildings and all personal property from taxation that aimed to make Washington not only the most beautiful in the world, but the model of cities, showing the way American municipalities should be built. He brought to the task a well-stored and lofty mind and a great heart.

ROBERT GUNN BREMNER was born in the far north highlands of Scotland on the 17th of December, 1873, the eldest of a large family. When a youth, with his father and mother and three younger brothers, he came to Canada. His father was engaged in the fishery vocation, and had met with financial reverses mainly through the loss of a ship of which he was owner and captain.

When Canada was reached there was little money. But Mr. Bremner bought a farm near Orangeville, Ontario, and, though he knew nothing of farming to begin with, he succeeded.

That country home knew little of luxury; still it was pleasant and presented no hardship which family love and energy did not easily overcome, and left no memories save those which were recalled with delight and transmitted with profit and pride. There in that country home were developed those characteristics of good nature, sympathy, liberality, and helpfulness which so characterized his later life.

ROBERT attended the near-by school and went to the high school in Orangeville, of which Mr. Alexander Steele was, and still is, principal, where he boarded with

a Mrs. McQuarrie and chummed with her son, John, who is now a prominent physician in Chicago. At school he was a good student and took great interest in athletics, but even a deeper interest in the various literary organizations of the school. When ROBERT graduated from the high school he taught in the primary department of the home school, where later he taught as principal. In 1893 he went to New York City.

At this period times were anything but good and opportunities for employment were not nearly so plentiful as the applicants for positions, yet the stranger, whose only letter of recommendation was a winning smile, did not find it difficult to secure the work that he needed so badly. The very day of his arrival in New York he dropped in at the rooms of the Manhattan Single Tax Club, and there found the tide in his fortunes had turned.

As those who were acquainted with ROBERT G. BREMNER know, his interest in the single-tax idea was deeper than the casual reader of his paper might suspect. Occasionally he referred to those theories, editorially or in the news columns of his New Jersey paper, and his treatment of such subjects always displayed a most friendly spirit for single-tax organization. Deep down in his heart he was persuaded that the principles advocated in "Progress and Poverty" would prove of the greatest benefit to the Nation. Even as a boy Mr. BREMNER was a prolific reader. Every book that was within his reach was eagerly devoured. It was while still at home in Canada that he became acquainted with the writings of Henry George, and he was one of the latter's most ardent disciples by the time he arrived in New York.

It was this sentimental bond that drew him to the rooms of the Single Tax Club, and it was the same bond of sympathy, the spirit of fellowship which a person

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ADDRESS OF MR. GEORGE, OF NEW YORK

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breeds in the hearts of men, that won for him so hearty a welcome.

After a few months in New York City he went to Paterson, where he worked as newspaper reporter on the Evening News, Morning Call, and Press and Chronicle, respectively, until 1902, when he purchased the Passaic Daily Herald. By strenuous work he succeeded in making the Herald a paper of influence extending far beyond his own city.

Mr. BREMNER was active in the Democratic Party from the first time he cast his vote. He created new life in the party in Passaic, and from the first year he arrived in this city he was looked up to as a political leader who inspired. He never sought political office for himself, and frequently declined attractive political offers and ignored suggestions that he accept nominations for office.

When the time came, however, for nominating candidates for the Democratic national convention at Baltimore, in 1912, Mr. BREMNER favored the nomination of Woodrow Wilson. His great admiration for Wilson caused him to break the rule he had adhered to up to that time. Mr. BREMNER and Senator Hughes were elected district delegates, and Mr. BREMNER, although ill, was one of the most active spirits in the interest of Woodrow Wilson in that convention. His activity is best told by State Senator Hinchliffe, who was one of the delegates at large from New Jersey in the convention:

No one at Baltimore—

Senator Hinchliffe said—

was stronger or steadier than Bob. He fought not to offend or injure, but for the real pleasure it gave him. He had a keen sense for seeing an advantage and a keen sense for following it up. He had more underground passages, more inside information, than any man at the convention.

There was no man in Baltimore who after two days at the convention could call by their first names so many men from California to Maine—and they all called him by his.

Following that convention the question as to who would be the most available candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress in the newly created seventh district, comprising all Passaic County excepting West Milford and Pompton, was discussed by the Democratic leaders.

The unanimous opinion was that BOB BREMNER could lead the party to victory and at the same time help swell the vote for Woodrow Wilson.

In the primaries Mr. BREMNER was practically the unanimous choice of the Democratic voters of the district, and immediately he began a campaign that aroused interest from one end of the district to the other.

But the most notable tribute paid to Mr. BREMNER was the vote in Passaic. Although the city was always strongly Republican and some of the districts had only a "corporal's guard" of Democratic votes, Mr. BREMNER carried every one of the 16 districts.

"I feel more proud of that than I do of my election," Mr. BREMNER commented when he had the complete returns.

His interest in congressional work in Washington was not lessened by his intense physical sufferings, and all who met him marveled at his cheery smile and determination to make the best possible use of what he well realized to be a brief time to remain here.

On Christmas Day, 1913, when he went to Baltimore to the hospital to take treatment, he was accompanied by his sister, Miss Helen, and Dr. Horwitz. He was bright and happy, and his hopeful nature was an inspiration. For several weeks his sister was the only one allowed to be with him, and she cared for his office affairs as well as devoting herself personally to his nursing from the

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ADDRESS OF MR. GEORGE, OF NEW YORK

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time he entered Dr. Kelly's sanitarium until his death. His brother, Will, upon whose advice he had always relied, gave up his studies in Toronto University to be with him in Baltimore and assist his sister. To them the stricken man talked of his hope of recovery, his intense desire to do more efficient congressional work which he expected to do when freed from his physical weakness and pain; but, aside from these yearnings, he cheerfully awaited the end.

When his physicians informed him that he could not live, he was still inveterate. He talked with strong faith and beautiful resignation. His thoughts returned to the dear ones at home, especially his mother and sister, Nina; but he would not call them to his bedside to harrow them with the sight of his suffering. Nothing in all that noble life was finer than its close. In the last hours he had his devoted sister read to him his many favorite passages of Scripture and he repeated hymns learned in his youth.

ROBERT GUNN BREMNER thus passed in the flesh.

His legislative work was brief, but his lofty spirit and brave example will long continue to be a cherished heritage of this House.

## ADDRESS OF MR. BROWNING, OF NEW JERSEY

Mr. SPEAKER: On "fair Scotland's strand," away up on the North Sea, we go back only to the year 1873, when "Bob" BRENNER was born; he came of sturdy and steady fisher folk. His short life period is replete with the kind of struggles which only the truly brave and heroic character can make successfully.

When ROBERT BRENNER was a lad his father emigrated to Canada, and the young son's work began as a schoolboy in a village school; after some years in the high and normal schools he was found teaching for a short time; then, reaching out for the practical, he mastered the carpentering trade and later engaged as an electrical worker. Ripe with theoretical and practical experience, it is not surprising that in his newspaper work he very soon found himself in the forerank of editors, and his friends paid him a high tribute when they sought to utilize his varied and splendid talents by electing him to represent them in Congress.

It was not my good fortune to know Mr. BRENNER before he entered this House, but my first impression of him was one never to be forgotten. I beheld the countenance of a man suffering all the tortures that physical pain can inflict, and I saw over and above the expression of physical distress that rare smile revealing a nobility of character, intelligence, patience, and even sympathy, which told me that I had met an able, strong, and loyal brother worthy of the friendship and love of his colleagues and countrymen. His wonderful patience and sublime fortitude in the very face of death can be dwelt upon only with admiration and envy by the legion of his friends.

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ADDRESS OF MR. BROWNING, OF NEW JERSEY

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It is not given us to understand why he, who was so full of energy and courage, should be called away. We can only realize the loss of his companionship which was dear to us, the loss to the community to which he was so useful, and the loss to those whose heartbreaking grief we hesitate to intrude upon.

You shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,  
And that sometimes the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.  
If we could push ajar the gates of life  
And stand within, and all God's workings see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife  
And for each mystery could find a key.



## PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

*FRIDAY, February 6, 1914.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by J. C. South, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. ROBERT GUNN BREMNER, late a Representative from the State of New Jersey, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

**THE VICE PRESIDENT.** The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

In the House of Representatives, February 5, 1914.

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. ROBERT GUNN BREMNER, a Representative from the State of New Jersey.

*Resolved*, That a committee of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

*Resolved*, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

**MR. HUGHES.** I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask unanimous consent for their present consideration.

The resolutions were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT GUNN BREMNER, late a Representative from the State of New Jersey.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE BREMNER

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*Resolved*, That a committee of six Senators be appointed by the Vice President, to join a committee appointed by the House of Representatives, to take order for the superintending of the funeral of Mr. BREMNER at Passaic, N. J.

*Resolved*, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The Vice President appointed under the second resolution as the committee on the part of the Senate Mr. Martine of New Jersey, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Vardaman, Mr. Hollis, Mr. Clapp, and Mr. Sterling.

Mr. HUGHES. Mr. President, I desire to give notice that at a future day I shall ask the Senate to set aside a time in which to consider resolutions on the life and public services of Representative BREMNER. As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 5 o'clock and 55 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Saturday, February 7, 1914, at 12 o'clock m.

## FUNERAL SERVICES

[From the Paterson (N. J.) Guardian of Feb. 9, 1914]

All that is mortal of ROBERT GUNN BREMNER is reposing in a new-made grave in Laurel Grove Cemetery. Upon the mound floral tributes send out their fragrance and seemingly waft perfume on the winds to every portion of Passaic County. It is a most fitting incense. The scent of the tender blossoms will soon fade, but not so the memory of the man laid away with such impressive ceremony and service to-day. The funeral was to all intents a civic one, and never since the obsequies of Garret A. Hobart has such an assemblage paid its tribute to the dead in this country. Millionaire, workman, statesman, merchant, soldier, and citizen alike touched elbows in their tribute to the man everyone had to but simply know to love and respect.

The home city of the man was not by any means the dominant one in sorrow, for great as was the loss of the man to Passaic, he was equally endeared to Patersonians—in fact, to all in the State. As the funeral cortège wended its way to the city of the dead there was a solid phalanx of humanity lining the sidewalks from the Lexington Avenue home to Laurel Grove Cemetery, a distance of 7 miles.

It is estimated that more than 8,000 persons called at the BREMNER home since Saturday to look on the face of one they had learned to love as a personal friend. The body reposed in a solid mahogany casket. In the right hand of the late Congressman was clasped a small bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley. Resting on the casket was an immense wreath composed of lavender orchids, white carnations, violets, and ferns. It bore the cards of the President and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. To one side was a cluster of orchids and white roses, the tribute of Joseph P. Tumulty. A magnificent wreath of white roses and mauve sweet peas was the beautiful tribute to the Congressman from the intimate friends of Miss Helen Bremner in Washington. On all sides were banked flowers from national, State, county, and city officials, as well as from personal friends and relatives of the late

Congressman. Among the larger floral pieces that surrounded the casket were ones from the New Jersey delegation to Congress, the Committee on the District of Columbia, the House of Representatives, Passaic Board of Trade, Paterson Board of Trade, Passaic post-office employees, Paterson post-office employees, the Pica Club, the ROBERT G. BREMNER Democratic Club, the Daughters of Scotia, the Caledonia Society, the Irish-American Literary Club, Herald employees, Walter W. Vick, Senator Hinchliffe, Mrs. Alfred Terhune, Mr. and Mrs. William Dill, Mrs. Kyles, Orangeville, Ontario; Anton Peterson, Henry C. Allen, Clan McLean Lodge, and hundreds of intimate friends.

The congressional delegation arrived from Washington at 1 o'clock. It included the following: United States Senators Hughes, Martine, Hollis, Vardaman, Clapp, and Sterling, and Congressmen William J. Browning, J. Thompson Baker, Thomas J. Scully, Allen B. Walsh, William E. Tuttle, jr., Eugene F. Kinkead, Walter J. McCoy, Edward W. Townsend, John J. Eagan, James A. Hamill, Ben Johnson, William A. Ashbrook, Henry George, jr., Solomon F. Prouty, Simon D. Fess, Abraham T. Keister, Robert F. Broussard, Samuel Wallin, Samuel E. Winslow, and Robert Crosser.

President Wilson, who had intended being present, was unable to come, as important affairs made it impossible for him to leave Washington. A message to this effect from Private Secretary Joseph P. Tumulty was received by the family this morning.

Gov. Fielder and party arrived from Trenton at the same time as the congressional delegation from Washington. From 1 o'clock to-day by rail and automobile came persons of prominence.

Mr. BREMNER's mother and his sister, Miss Nina, arrived this morning from Orangeville, Canada, neocompanied by several family friends. Mrs. Bremner had been with her son in Washington until he left for the Baltimore sanitarium, and while he very often said he would like to have her and his sister Nina with him, yet he would not have them see him suffer, and in his characteristic unselfishness would not have them sent for. The other members of his family present were his sister Helen; Rev. Walter Bremner, of Richmond, Va.; Dr. Murray Bremner, Toronto; Leith Bremner, Richmond; and Will, Peter, Ralph, and Cecil Bremner, of Orangeville, Ontario.

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## FUNERAL SERVICES

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The funeral service was conducted by Rev. T. B. Plummer, Presbyterian minister of Springfield, Mass., an intimate friend of the deceased. Mr. BREMNER had arranged several weeks previous to his death his own funeral service, beautiful in its simplicity. The service he arranged was as follows: Singing of the familiar Gospel hymn, learned in his youth and repeated many times during his illness:

O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,  
The love of God to me;  
It brought my Saviour from above  
To die on Calvary.

Reading of Twenty-third Psalm and remarks by the minister on this passage of Scripture; prayer, and singing of another favorite hymn—

O, God of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led.

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O spread Thy sheltering wings around  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

He also arranged that "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" be sung at the grave.

Mr. Plummer delivered the following eulogy:

"On several occasions Mr. BREMNER spoke to me about taking charge of his funeral services, for, of course, he realized that the time would not be far distant when he must pass within the veil. Always, when making reference to this matter, he has urged me to make my remarks not only as simple as possible, but particularly did he desire that I should speak briefly, so you see that Brother BREMNER had his friends in mind up to the last moment, and you are to thank him for this forethought on his part, for he did not propose that there should be any drawn-out discourse to weary and distress his friends. I am free to confess that if I were not thus limited by his instructions I would take the opportunity to say things concerning what President Wilson has so well expressed when he remarked of him in connection with his demise that a beautiful spirit had departed from the world. This funeral sermon, however, will be the briefest funeral discourse concerning a beloved friend that was ever delivered. I recall

some little time ago spending an evening at Mr. BREMNER's home with one or two other friends when the subject under consideration was the Twenty-third Psalm. Let me read this psalm:

“The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside still waters; He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake; yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me; Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.”

“Mr. BREMNER and his wife had on several occasions spent a Sunday with us at the manse. He eagerly discussed the sermon, and I always felt that if no one else occupied the pews, he was in himself a most stimulating congregation.

“Let me bring to you but a word of comfort and counsel from this expression of the psalm: ‘Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.’

“The reference to the valley is both a poetical and literal statement of the human life. We find ourselves in a narrow fissure, and on either side are the precipitous mountains. We can not go back to explore the mysteries of the eternity that is beyond. We are living in the valley, and we can not know about the beauty of the glorious table-lands of the eternity of the past and the eternity of the future. Amidst all the perplexities and troubles of the valley life, the Good Shepherd is the guide not only to care for the good sheep, but with even greater solicitude to seek after the lost sheep and shelter him safely within the fold. And the Good Shepherd tells us that He is more interested in the one lost sheep than in the ninety and nine who do not need salvation.

“My word of counsel to all the friends here assembled is based upon the wise statement of Solomon—that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, for the living will lay it to heart. Suffer, then, this word of exhortation that you give heed to the invitation and the care of the Good Shepherd that he may safely bring you to the heavenly fold. And so for all now here present and for myself as well, I bid farewell to my dear old friend, and where I can not see I neither guess nor fear, for I believe that through the great Saviour who brings us back to Himself through His sufferings we shall meet, as the little hymns expressed it, ‘on that beautiful shore.’ ”

## TRIBUTES

### BY PERSONAL FRIENDS

By President Wilson:

"I am deeply grieved by the death of 'BOB' BREMNER. He was a personal friend, whom I greatly admired, and was such a man as attracts deep affection. Throughout his suffering, which was long continued, he seemed never to think of himself, as he certainly never spoke of himself, and he was throughout as keenly interested in the diligent performance of his public duties and in kindly offices to others as if he had been free from pain. I feel that a beautiful spirit has gone out of the world."

The President sent the following telegram to Mrs. Bremner at the residence of Dr. Kelly, in Baltimore:

"Allow me to express my deep sympathy with you. I feel for myself I have lost a dear and admirable friend."

Mr. Joseph P. Tumulty, Secretary to the President, made this statement after showing President Wilson the telegram announcing Mr. BREMNER'S demise:

"Like all who knew 'BOB' BREMNER, I had a deep admiration and affection for him. He was a man, and he has never come to this office on a selfish mission. He always came in the interest of some one wanting help."

By Senator Martine, of New Jersey:

"Racked by pain, tortured with an ailment that was eating his very life away, 'Smiling Bob' smiled to the last. His warm, sunny disposition was a contagion by which all who came in contact with him were inoculated. The merry twinkle of his eye, the warm grasp of his hand, made one feel assured of his big heart, and were successful in dispelling the blues if one had them.

"I first met poor BREMNER in Paterson, where I had gone to speak during the first Bryan campaign. He was fairly wrapped up in the issues of that contest. His zeal with tongue and trenchant pen was used to press his conscientious thoughts and convictions.

"He often said to me, 'I feel that my mission in life is to help humanity.' This thought is most marked throughout his political life. His last effort in Congress was, in conjunction with Representative Mann, to draft and present to the House a bill to safeguard the toiler against accident. This measure passed the House unanimously but unfortunately failed in the Senate.

"While a patient at the hospital in Baltimore I visited him a number of times. As I now think of him, his patient suffering was wonderful. The much-discussed radium cure was being tried on him. He did not hesitate to talk of his malady and frequently said, 'Well, even if it does not cure me some other unfortunate fellow will benefit from my trial of it.'

"President Wilson was much attracted by his splendid qualities and sent flowers to him each day from the White House conservatory.

"At parting on my last visit to the hospital he insisted I should take some roses and 'tell the boys, though in distress, You can smile yet.' What an example to those of us who are left after him.

"A truthful soul, a loving mind,  
Full of affection for its kind;  
A helper of the human race,  
A soul of beauty and of grace."

By Senator Hughes, of New Jersey:

"ROBERT GUNN BREMNER was perhaps the best friend I ever had. The first time we met there were planted the seeds of a friendship which flourished at once and grew stronger as the years went by. He was one of those who gave all and asked for little. In all the years of our companionship I never knew him to discuss a care or trouble of his own, yet no concern of any friend of his was too trivial to call forth his sympathy and a tender of his aid. Like the Spartan boy whose entrails were being devoured by the fox, he gave no sign of his agony to the world, but smiled and smiled his way through life as if fate's hardest buffets in the short span of earthly existence were to be treated as temporary inconveniences, to be ignored and forgotten in the vision of the great possibilities which the future laid before his imaginative mind.

"There was sunshine in his heart which leaped from his eyes during every moment of his existence, and when the film of death

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obscured those laughing orbs one could not doubt but that somewhere it was still alight and would forever shine on and on.

“ROBERT G. BREMNER went to his grave mourned by everyone who had the good fortune to come in contact with him. A busy Nation ceased for a moment its headlong pursuit of material things and bowed its head in mute appreciation of his courage and unselfishness. The lesson of his life will not be lost on those who had the right to call themselves his friends.

“As a soldier he was the idol of his company. His tent was the central station from which was diffused life and laughter. No situation was somber enough to drive the smile from his lips. Disease and death were held at bay by a joyous optimism which declined to be oppressed by pain and suffering but sought always for the silver lining of the cloud.

“As an editor he enjoyed, more fully than any man I have ever come in contact with, the love, respect, and confidence of the community in which he resided. The Passaic Daily Herald, which he built up into a powerful and successful publication, was known throughout the State and far beyond its confines as ‘Bob’s paper.’

“His editorial word was law to thousands of its readers. His commendation was eagerly sought and as freely conferred upon those whom BREMNER believed to have the welfare of the Commonwealth at heart. So intimate was the relation existing between the Herald and its readers that it entered into their daily lives and ordinary doings to an extent that I have never seen approached by any other journal.

“He never cared for public office, but there was none that he might not have held. It was only by dint of the hardest persuasion that he finally permitted his name to be used as a candidate for the office of Representative in Congress, to which place he was elected by a veritable outpouring of those who knew and loved him.

“And so, Mr. President, as soldier, editor, and legislator, friend and comrade, ‘Bob’ BREMNER did his duty as he saw it. He did each day, with all his power and ability, the thing that he found at his hand. He brightened the lives of the thousands whom he met in his short journey through this world. He died at last a hero’s death, the circumstances of which caused the tears of a Nation to mingle with those of the members of his family. We shall not soon look upon his like again.”

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## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE BREMNER

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By Representative Kinkead, of New Jersey:

"During the years that I have been in Congress 100 or more Representatives died in office, but never have I heard such widespread sorrow expressed as for the death of Congressman ROBERT G. BREMNER.

"His wonderful breadth of sympathy, his devotion to the interests of those whom he so ably represented, and his bright, happy disposition endeared him to every man in the Sixty-third Congress who was fortunate enough to know him. During the months that he was suffering most from the affliction that caused his death he never lost his cheerful manner. A smile was ever present that won for him the sobriquet of 'Sunny Bon.'

"He will be missed and mourned by many, but by none more sincerely than by his colleagues from New Jersey."

By Representative Walsh, of New Jersey:

"'Smiling Bon' BREMNER's name will go down in the history of our National Legislature as that of a man who, in the midst of constant and excruciating physical suffering, gave us an example of fortitude and unconquerable good nature. We hear a lot about the 'brotherhood' of man, but it is not often in actual life we have the pleasure of knowing a man in whom the spirit of genuine brotherhood is so big and warm that he is eager and anxious under circumstances which you know exist to devote time and energy devising means for promoting the well-being of the vast army of American workers, as did 'Bon' BREMNER on his safety and sanitation bill."

By Representative Townsend, of New Jersey:

"'Bon' BREMNER, as he was affectionately known by nearly every Member of the House, had the sunniest disposition I have ever observed in any man. Such a cheery, hearty, generous soul would have been remarked if it dwelt in the robust body of a man upon whom Providence had showered every physical good fortune. In a man so sorely afflicted in body as was poor, dear old 'Bon' it was an amazement, as it was a delight.

"He made friends rapidly. He did so much good work on his important Committee on the District of Columbia that the committee, being in session when word came of BREMNER's death, at once adjourned. Then the members of the committee instructed Henry George, one of the members, to send for the committee n

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rich floral piece. The New Jersey delegation will do the same, as will the entire membership of the House.

"He was a fine man. He had a great career before him. God rest his soul."

By Representative Tuttle, of New Jersey:

"I consider 'Bob' BREMNER one of the most lovable and remarkable characters I ever met. His death is a distinct loss to the State and to the House of Representatives."

By Representative McCoy, of New Jersey:

"In the death of our friend and colleague the House loses an able Member and the State one of her best beloved Representatives. Personally, I feel sincere sorrow and the deepest sympathy for 'Bob's' family in their great loss."

By Attorney General John W. Wescott, of New Jersey:

"I am unable to let the hour pass in silence. It was said of the death of Confucius, 'It affects us as if some lone planet had rolled off the flaming walls of the universe and dropped into the night.' Of the demise of 'Bob' BREMNER it must be said that it affects us as if some new star of hope and beauty had arisen eternally in the firmament. 'Bob' BREMNER lives more mightily in his death than he did in his life. As a living man, like the mysterious agent applied to save him, he gave to all the curative power of love and charity and kindness and beauty. As a like mysterious agency, even in death, he makes all men better, stronger, braver, purer. I never knew a more real man. Struggle how we may to reach the right, to do the right, our common infirmities disclose our inability to even approximate perfection. But the very physical frailty of this singular man seems to have endowed him with moral perfection. While the problem presented by his career furnishes a wide field for speculation, the certainty, about which all men must agree, is that BREMNER was an angel on earth. No one ever knew him in the latter years of his life without the sense of the perfect and the divine. Account for it how we may, we are forced to admit that his life was the doorway to eternal righteousness, his soul the indestructible truth which, sooner or later, will make all men, like him, morally perfect.

"I send to his bier my tears, while he sends to the world his cheer, his courage, his moral character."

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE BREMNER

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By Mayor George N. Seger, of Passaic, N. J.:

"In the death of Congressman ROBERT G. BREMNER the community loses not only a good citizen but an unselfish, untiring worker for all that pertained to its upbuilding and uplifting.

"None except those who came in personal touch with him realize how deeply he was interested in the welfare of his fellow men, and that he has not gone to the great beyond, afflicted as he was, long before now was due entirely to his great will power and an unfaltering faith in Him who shapes all our destinies, the Supreme Architect of the Universe.

"As a mark of respect which this community owes 'BOB' BREMNER, I have ordered the flags lowered on all public buildings throughout the city."

By State Senator Charles O'Connor Hennessy, of New Jersey:

"I ask the privilege of joining with those who would pay the sad tribute of respect and love to the memory of ROBERT G. BREMNER, the splendid citizen who passed out of this to another life yesterday. I was honored with his friendship, and less than two weeks ago it was my privilege to sit for an hour at his bedside in Baltimore and to be inspired by his marvelous patience and cheerfulness under great pain and in the face of what I believe he must have known was the approach of the mortal end.

"He was truly brave and good, and he won to himself a multitude of men of high and low degree by the simple magic of loving all humanity and inspiring love in return. He felt the miseries and misfortunes of his fellow men, and was deeply learned in the true statesmanship that would seek for the removal of the institutional causes rather than the effects of poverty and crime in our centers of population.

"Had he lived for 10 years longer I believe his voice and pen would have profoundly affected the current of political thought in his home city and in the State and Nation.

"He has gone away not to return in this life, but his big heart, his gentle voice, his sweet smile, and his sunny spirit will be long remembered by thousands of men, women, and children whose lives have been brightened and bettered because 'Bon' BREMNER lived."

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By Gen. Bird W. Spencer, of Passaic:

"I have known Mr. BREMNER ever since he came to Passaic, and I early learned to admire his many fine traits of character, the most prominent of which appeared to me to be his sterling integrity and his unwavering opposition to crookedness in public life.

"He did not agree with me in everything that I thought was for the best interests of the city, but his opposition was honest and arose from his loyalty to some of his old friends whom I was unable to reappoint to office. Notwithstanding his criticisms we remained always the best of friends.

"I can not say that he was always a good adviser, because, to be truthful, it must be said that he was greatly swayed by personal friendship, and at times stood by his friends because they were friends, without always being worthy of his cordial support.

"There was a good deal of the 'happy-go-lucky' about 'Bob' BREMNER, and there was very little about him which took account of the future. After all is said and done, however, it must be said of him that his virtues greatly outweighed any shortcomings because of these peculiar characteristics.

"The general optimism with which he went through the last few years of his life was an inspiration, and it seems incredible that a man suffering as he did could always present a happy general exterior.

"The amount of work which he did under the terrible stress of his disease is not the least of the commendable characteristics of the man. The newspaper fraternity has lost a peer and the people of Passaic a wholesome champion of all that is good in civic government.

"It is well that all is over and 'Bob' has joined the great majority at the zenith of his career, a leader of the newspaper fraternity and the Congressman of his district."

By James Parker, late captain Company C, New Jersey Volunteer Infantry:

"As one of a whole community that has been saddened by the death of Congressman ROBERT G. BREMNER, which ended one of the most valiant fights against the inroads of a dread disease that a human being could wage, I wish to pay my humble tribute of respect and affection to the memory of the man whose taking

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## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE BREMNER

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away will be felt as a distinct personal loss by all with whom he came in contact.

"It had been my privilege to know 'Bob' BREMNER, as he was affectionately called by all who knew him, for nearly 20 years. During all that period his life was an open book to a very large portion of the people of Passaic County. He was ever the genial, open-hearted, sympathetic, patient, whole-souled 'Bob,' strong in his friendship and tolerant and charitable in the broader sense to his enemies, if, indeed, it can be said that he had a real enemy.

"Now that he has been called to his last reward, it is my purpose to advert to a period of his career which, perhaps, is not so familiar to many of his friends as were some of his other activities. I refer to his service in the Second New Jersey Volunteer Infantry during a portion of the year 1898, when the regiment was encamped at Seagirt, N. J., and at Jacksonville, Fla., awaiting orders in the Spanish-American War. 'Bob' BREMNER had not been a member of the militia before war was declared, and with characteristic patriotism he was one of the first recruits to be enrolled in Company C, which the writer had the honor to command. His unfailing cheerfulness, his willingness to do whatever asked to do, and his ability made him an ideal man for company clerk, which position he assumed at my request and filled with credit to himself and the company. He was a tent mate of Maj. John Nolan, then first sergeant, now commanding the First Battalion of our home regiment of the National Guard.

"When men are thrown constantly together day by day for weeks and months, sleeping on the ground, so to speak, and not knowing what day or hour they may be ordered into action, it is then, if ever, that one has an opportunity of judging the fiber of which men are made, of recognizing the virtues they possess, and realizing their shortcomings, if they have any. With this experience as my basis, I say from my heart that never have I met a more manly man than 'Bob' BREMNER; never have I encountered a more delightful combination of those sterling qualities which make a man beloved by his fellows, and now that his enlistment in the great army of the universe has expired, and he has been enrolled in that other great army, to the will of whose Commander we must all bow when orders are issued, I sincerely hope and trust that he will meet with that sweet repose and contentment he so justly merited."

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BY NEW JERSEY NEWSPAPERS

[The Passaic Herald]

"It is an impious thing to lament for those whose souls pass immediately into a better and more divine state."

Perhaps it is as Plutarch tells us, but none who knew BOB BREMNER, knew him as intimately as the writer has known him since he came among us as a stranger 19 years ago, can help lament because death has taken him from us. The personal loss is great, indeed, for of him it may well be said—

"None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise,"

but greater by far is the loss to humanity. BOB BREMNER had given his life to the public service with a devotion and self-sacrifice that convinced those familiar with his work and with his efforts in behalf of humanity that public service was part of his religion. This may best be illustrated by quoting him as he lay in the hospital in Baltimore suffering the most excruciating pain from the effects of the radium treatment.

"My life," he said, "is not worth one-tenth of the effort that has been put forth to save it. I am ready for the scrap heap, but I feel the cutting and the doctoring have added to the knowledge of how best to fight cancer. Some poor soul who comes after may benefit."

"The question is not whether I am going to get well or not, but rather if I am going to live up to ideals under tests, for dying gamely is just as helpful to the race as living bravely.

"Some day science will conquer cancer, and I think I would rather be in the category of those who were in the fight and helped win the victory than to be one of those to placidly reap the benefit."

And this was typical of the frail but heroic man whose death from cancer, after three years of intense suffering, we record to-day.

The personal side of BOB BREMNER as thus indicated reflected his creed as a public man. During the 12 years he was editor of the Passaic Daily Herald and during his brief career as a

Member of the United States Congress he battled for those ideals which he believed would promote the happiness and welfare of his fellow man, and to all of these conflicts he brought extraordinary mental qualities, a powerful mind, inspiring logic, and reasoning power of the highest order.

None knew better than the people of his own city and county the fighting caliber of "Bon" BREMNER. He faced his foes when they challenged him to combat, and he was a foeman worthy of any man's steel. He fought with unbending courage, asking no quarter and giving none. The conflict over, he bore himself a true knight in all his many victories. And this was one of the secrets of his remarkable popularity. Even his enemies were his friends, paradoxical as that statement may seem. It may be said, indeed, that he was without an enemy. His fighting armor laid aside, he was the apostle of sunshine, the embodiment of good cheer, the foe of pessimism, the supreme optimist who saw only the best in everyone. Passing from the field of local and county affairs into the wider field of national affairs, Bon BREMNER carried with him the spirit of progress without the characteristic of the demagogue too often found these days among our statesmen of national prominence.

He was not of the class of statesmen who sought to dazzle with rallying cries and watchwords. He preferred cool, untrammeled reasoning and a logical justification of the faith that was in him. He had no patience with the many strange and false prophets abroad in the land with their vague and grotesque theories or with the demagogue carrying his kit of panaceas. He believed that there was bred into this Nation a self-governing and statesmanlike instinct which rejects the spurious and holds fast to the genuine. He recognized the desire to remedy wrongs, but believed the remedy could not be applied by running past the danger signals. He was a firm believer in the old nationalism, the nationalism of the fathers and founders who brought forth on this continent a Nation dedicated to the proposition that all men were born free and equal. This was the faith he carried with him to Washington.

Although suffering night and day from the affliction that finally forced him to give up life's struggle, "Bon" BREMNER worked with tireless energy to serve the public from the day

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he took office, and there are few of his constituents who did not hear from him personally.

The tariff bill out of the way, "Bob" BREMNER began work on a bill in the interest of every man and woman who toils in the mills and factories and mines. It is known as "A bill to establish a bureau of industrial safety." Its purpose was to erect a national museum of safety for the establishment of devices and methods for the protection of the worker, and to maintain in connection therewith a laboratory for the investigation of industrial disease and means for its prevention.

Less than two weeks ago, when life was ebbing fast, despite the optimistic reports of his condition sent from Baltimore, "Bob" BREMNER dictated a long report describing the advantages of such a law. With a restless brain and a burning desire to accomplish what he had in view he could not be denied, and his interest in that bill never stopped until his heart ceased to beat. It was a fitting close to a life dedicated to the interest of humanity.

"Bob" BREMNER's career, his achievements, are valuable examples to hold up to the young men of to-day who are struggling against adverse environment. He was born poor—poor in the worldly sense; poor as Milton says in the "tool of fools," but rich in soul and brains and hope and courage and that never-say-die spirit. Nineteen years ago he was penniless and unknown. He had only his own pluck, his own energy, and his own unfailing optimism to carry him along, and step by step he climbed the ladder of success—success as measured by the good he accomplished and the place he held in the hearts of the people—until he reached a point to which it has been the good fortune of few men to ascend.

What finer example could there be to the struggling youth of this Nation, or to the honest and ambitious youth who comes from other shores to this land of golden opportunity?

Of him it can truly be said, "His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!'" He rests from his labors well, efficiently, and faithfully performed for good, and the benedictions of his works will remain and follow him. With peace to his ashes and rest to his soul, we say farewell.

"Bob" BREMNER is no more in the flesh, but his name will long live on the tablets of loving memory.

J. J. O'R.

[The Paterson Press]

ROBERT G. BREMNER, affectionately and truthfully known as "Smiling Bob," passed away this morning in a private sanitarium in Baltimore, Md., where he was taken several weeks ago for treatment for a distressing illness with which he had suffered for nearly four years.

Perhaps no man was better known throughout Passaic County than Mr. BREMNER. Certainly no man ever trod the streets of this community who had more or warmer friends. And it is not hard to find the reason for the universal affection in which he was held. "Bon" BREMNER was first of all a true friend, and by that it must be understood that he could stand the test of real friendship—he did not magnify the weaknesses in his fellows, but threw the mantle of charity over the frailties possessed by those with whom he came in contact. With "Bob" BREMNER every man was a good fellow. He simply loved all humanity; his heart beat true to himself and to the rest of mankind, and because the milk of human kindness flowed so freely in his own veins he was glad to be alive, glad to mix with his fellows, and ever ready to cheer with the encouraging word or to help those in actual need with the more substantial things of life. And with his perennial good will and stanch friendship "Bon" BREMNER mixed a never-failing cheery disposition. It was always high noon with "Bon." The sun in his life knew no setting, and no cloud seemed ever to darken the star of hope that gleamed always in the canopy of his mind.

Many men have suffered as much physical pain as Mr. BREMNER, but no man ever bore the tortures of the flesh with more grit and greater fortitude and with a more hopeful spirit than the man who is now no more. No one ever heard "Bon" BREMNER say that he was not well; no man ever heard him admit that the battle, which so many of us knew from the beginning was to be hopeless, must be a losing one for him. But those of his friends who knew him the best and saw him the most will remember the picture of this man gritting his teeth with pain, while he set his body and his mind to the tasks that were before him, and went smiling on with his burden made light with his own good cheer. Truthfully has it been said that all of life's heroes are not to be found upon the field of battle.

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"BOB" BREMNER has left many legacies of precept and example to live after him, but perhaps the lesson that will remain fixed indelibly in the minds of those who knew him best will be the one that teaches us all to accept life's burdens as they are apportioned out, and to go through the journey here uncomplainingly, bearing them with all the fortitude and good nature that we can command. If "BOB" BREMNER had left no other monument, this would be one that would perpetuate his name in glory and in loving memory.

It was a tired man who laid down the battle of life in Baltimore to-day. To such a pilgrim along life's pathway the words of the Master surely have a fitting application: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

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[The Paterson Guardian]

The end of earthly things has come for ROBERT BREMNER.

It is hard to put into words the hold which ROBERT BREMNER has taken upon the hearts of the people of this community, where a considerable portion of his adult life was passed. It was here that he started as a newspaper reporter after leaving his home in Canada; it was here that he formed friendships that were lasting and enduring; there are hundreds of men and women in this community to-day who feel that their lives have been made brighter and better by knowing "BOB" BREMNER and being able to read aright the splendid lesson of his life.

Everyone who came to know ROBERT BREMNER became his friend. It was impossible to resist the charm of his personality; his nature was a flowing fountain of cheerfulness and optimism; he always looked at the brighter side and his greatest pleasure seemed to lie in endeavor to impart some of his own cheerfulness to others.

It was not because of his great physical affliction that ROBERT BREMNER won the regard of all who knew him. Before his own time of trouble came the young man had carved out a place for himself in the business community by establishing himself as the proprietor of an extensive newspaper property in Passaic. He had to overcome obstacles that would have daunted most young men.

His pathway to success was rendered doubly difficult because the physical blow came at a time in his business career that called for vigorous activity and unceasing application. Years ago he knew and with the help of medical science was able to measure the span of his life. But he never spoke of it; he was always quick to assure his friends that the future held hope of cure.

But deep in his own heart ROBERT BREMNER knew that he was stricken with mortal malady, and his bravery and cheerfulness in facing the grim call of destiny constitute the splendid lesson of his life. Knowing just what the future held in store, he resolved that the closing years of his brief span should be crowded with endeavor for the benefit of others.

So he cast aside the despair that would have seized most men under similar circumstances and devoted his last years to his secret purpose. In spite of great physical suffering he worked hard at his chosen profession, and as a newspaper editor with high ideals did much for the community where he lived. He accepted the nomination for Congressman because he felt that it would give him a wider field to carry out his chosen purpose.

If ROBERT BREMNER's affliction had been allowed to run its natural course he might have lived a year or two longer; in any event, it is sure that he could have avoided the great suffering involved in attempts that were made to check the progress of a remarkable form of cancer that attracted international attention.

It was not until two weeks ago that ROBERT BREMNER revealed the real purpose which dominated the last years of his life, when he said that he was glad to suffer if the experiments made upon his pain-racked body would prove of future benefit to his fellow men. Stricken to death by a disease that has thus far baffled science and the known agencies of medicine, ROBERT BREMNER put aside the personal question of his own suffering, and for several years endured physical torture in the hope that a cure might be found through hitherto untried treatment.

ROBERT BREMNER suffered in the hope that his fellow men might be enabled to avoid similar suffering from the dread affliction of cancer. His life and its lesson will be a lasting monument to his memory.

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[The Paterson Morning Call]

“BOB” BREMNER’s dead. That’s the only way to express it. Usually when a man dies he is referred to in solemn-sounding words with great dignity. Thus we shall probably be criticized by those who did not know the subject of this sketch for not referring to him as the Hon. ROBERT G. BREMNER—the name by which he was known in official records.

But—did you know “Bob” BREMNER? Then you understand the sorrow that will follow the announcement that “Bob BREMNER’s dead.” If you knew him, you will not want to read of any other man; you will not want to see it printed, “Hon. ROBERT G. BREMNER.” Because there was such simplicity about the man, such fearless frankness, you want always to remember him as first you knew him—as “Bob” BREMNER.

“Bob” BREMNER was an unusual character—a most unusual one. But he was unusual in no respect more than that he was always “natural”—always plain “Bob” BREMNER. A man of giant constitution, of tremendous mold of mind, in whose heart an unkind thought would have become so lonesome that it would have perished for lack of comradeship; a man whose magnanimity knew no bounds, who could not have been selfish had he tried, who was born to serve those he called friends—“Bob” BREMNER goes to his reward after a life in his way, whose chief object was ever to make the lives of others pleasant.

“Bob” BREMNER was a great man who tried not to be a great man. He literally fought against advancement to what the world calls fame. He did not despise it; he preferred comparative obscurity; to go about his way as he saw fit in the society of his fellows here in Paterson and Passaic, happy in the knowledge that every friend he had—and that meant every acquaintance—was fastened to him by the ties that knew no breaking. Had he desired publicity he could have obtained it. Had he desired political preference, it was ever knocking at his door. Had he desired wealth he had but to hold out his hands; it would have been poured into them.

But “Bob” BREMNER had no use for great wealth. It would have been an incumbrance to him. It would have marred his philosophy. It would have had to be given away, just as the small wealth which came to him was given away. Money, in his philosophy, was intended for those who would be poor without

it. "BOB" BREMNER was rich with never a penny in his pockets—richer than those who reckon wealth in this world's goods.

His great mind grasped the issues of the day and held them till the last. But issues of the past were dearer to him; he loved to delve in history concerning other times and other people. He read the literature of the ancients and was familiar with their petty strifes and struggles. He knew the making of civilization in all its ramifications; had followed man from the dismal swamp of primitive times to his now exalted station. He knew thousands of men, their great emotions, past and present. And he could brush it all aside and meet the humblest upon a common ground, and add a cheerful thought to the impoverished store of him whose learning was indifferent.

The vain ambitions of his fellow man he looked upon as trifles, and estimated them as toys for little children. For he himself had risen to heights from which he could look down upon them and place a value upon ambition. The heights above him did not tempt; he did not seek to gain the mountain crest. He knew that it was covered with the crests of snows that neither served nor satisfied, and so he sat himself down between those who toiled in the soil below and those who strove to reach the useless heights above, and lent a glory to the place. "BOB" BREMNER's dead. The world is poorer than it's been since he came on earth.

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[The Paterson News]

"The question is not whether I am going to get well, but rather if I am going to live up to ideals for dying gamely, which are just as helpful to the race as living bravely."

A martyr and a hero is a fit characterization for HOWARD GUNN BREMNER, Congressman from New Jersey, newspaper editor, and stoical sufferer, whose life ended in a Baltimore hospital this morning after a five-year fight against the ravages of a cancerous growth. His words printed above are a fit characterization of the man.

No hero of the battle field is more entitled to the praise, the respect, and the admiration of his fellow men than "Bob" BREMNER, who until the last moment kept up the courage of those about him, and unselfishly thought of others in spite of the agoniz-

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ing pain that was fighting to rob him of consciousness and his very life's breath.

For five long years "Bob" BREMNER stood on the brink of the grave, looked in the future, into that deep, weird mystery behind the curtain of death and down the valley eternal, and he was unafraid. For five years he lived a living death, and during that time no man ever heard a word of complaint escape his lips; no man ever asked him how he felt without receiving a cheery response, and he won for himself a place in the hearts and the affections of hundreds who were privileged to know him and also admired the Spartan courage. "Smiling Bob" he was called, and "Smiling Bob" he was. Smiling in the face of a living death, smiling at an inexorable fate that was eating its way through its caneerous agent into his very vitals, he laughed at pain and at distress, and he made those about him happy. If there is an inspiration to be found in those heroic traits of heart and mind that can rid death of its terror and the grave of its horror, "Bob" BREMNER supplied that inspiration in full measure.

When he was told that his last hope was in the radium cure, but that the pain would be terrific, he simply smiled and replied that pain held no terror for him, and that he was willing to suffer untold agonies and go to the grave uneomplainingly if those who came after him might benefit and the cause of humanity be helped by the conquering of the dread specter—cancer. And there was more than a promise in his words; there was the reality of performance, for he suffered the tortures of hell and never a word of complaint escaped him.

Nineteen years ago this man of iron found his way to Paterson in answer to an advertisement inserted in a New York paper by the late Edward B. Haines, founder of the News, and his first employment was in the News office. The News to-day is proud of this—proud to know that a man such as was this one was one of our boys, and that he was of the fighting metal that the News admires and loves.

Poor "Bob" BREMNER. Our "Bob." He has gone on and beyond, but his memory will be fresh and green as long as human hearts beat and as long as men honor courage, patriotism, self-sacrifice, and personal heroism. To you, "Bob," a loyal hand of friendship, even to the grave itself. May your soul rest in peace and quiet unto eternity.

[The Newark Evening News]

The noblest qualities of human character are often rendered conspicuous by great suffering. This was true in the case of Congressman ROBERT G. BREMNER. Many a victim of the merciless disease which brought his useful life to an untimely end endured all the agonies which he suffered, but not many faced certain death with such cheerful courage or such devotion to duty.

Mr. BREMNER was told last April that his case was hopeless, and that he could live but a few months at most. "Then," he said, "I must get to work, for I have but little time and there is much to be done," and he worked until his strength failed and he could do no more.

The characteristics of the man were his optimism, his indomitable courage, his unfailing cheerfulness, even in the face of discouragements, and his conscientious determination to do what was right. A strong party man, he refused to be bound by party caucus or party usage if he believed either to be unfair or unjust. Prestige and precedent weighed nothing with him if in his judgment they were wrong. To be true to his convictions, wherever they led him, was the actuating purpose of his life.

Though not an American, he easily adapted himself to American ideas and activities, and rose from one plane of usefulness to another through ability, energy, pluck, and perennial good nature. He did not become very active in polities because of ill health, but he earned the high esteem of all who knew him, and the people of his district sent him to Congress more as a manifestation of their regard and confidence than for any other reason.

Had Congressman BREMNER's life been spared, he might have made a great name for himself, for he was always doing good and always advocating the cause of the people; but it is improbable that anything could have given him the publicity and sympathy earned by the radium experiment, and his unconquerable cheerfulness and courage under it. He seemed to look upon himself as merely an agency in the process of discovering a cure for cancer, and preferred, as he expressed it, to be one who helped to win such a victory rather than one who placidly reaped the benefit.

As the heat of the furnace brings the pure gold to view, so the intensity of suffering brought out the noble qualities of Robert G. BREMNER.

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## TRIBUTES

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[The Newark Evening Star]

The deeds of few men have called for greater admiration or attracted wider attention than the act of Congressman ROBERT GUNN BREMNER, who died in a Baltimore sanitarium and who had to all intents and purposes offered his life as a sacrifice "that some poor soul who comes after me may be helped by it."

For "Bob" BREMNER, as he was familiarly and affectionately called, can truthfully be termed a martyr to science, having voluntarily submitted to the radium treatment as a cure for cancer, taking all chances upon the altar of experiment. Sympathy for the heroic young Congressman was countrywide, and prayers for his recovery went up from a Nation's people as they watched for news from that bedside in the southern sanitarium where he lay stoically contemplating the progress, or otherwise, of his own condition. At no time did there come from the invalid a murmur of complaint or an utterance indicating that he entertained anything but hope of ultimate recovery. His air and manner and general conversation represented a confidence almost sublime, yet he must surely have realized that he was doomed. His intelligence was of such a high order that no other conclusion can be drawn.

The cheery word, the pleasant smile, the jocular remark, when suffering untold agony, were always in evidence. Mr. BREMNER never flinched from pain. This extraordinary characteristic marked his demeanor from the day, about four years ago, when it was demonstrated that he was a victim of cancer in its virulent form, to the end.

Comparatively young as years go, prosperous in business as newspaper publisher and writer, with a public career that had already attained honorable prominence and a political future that promised greater eminence, he never outwardly grieved over his affliction nor shrank from the inevitable. Others condoled with him and even railed at the fate that seemed destined to cul short a useful life, but the philosophical BREMNER never raised a protesting voice. His sunny disposition remained the same, although it might appear that his self-satisfaction and seeming good spirits and delightful nonchalance were at times assumed for no purpose other than to reassure his relatives and friends that they might imbibe the cheerfulness that possessed him.

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## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE BREMNER

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In his daily work he was as assiduous during his period of illness as he had been in the years of robust health, and he was ever persevering, energetic, and indefatigable. As a newspaper editor he had early made a mark for himself by reason of the drollness and logic of his writings. His style was quaint and stamped by a strain of human feeling and sentiment that appealed to readers. As a Member of the House of Representatives he displayed his natural aptitude for hard and intelligent work, and his dying moments were frequently occupied in the preparation and revision of legislative measures in which he was interested.

"Bon" BREMNER had passed through many ordeals prior to undergoing the radium treatment. Specialists of many types had subjected him to their respective methods of so-called cures, and he bore the tortures of the varied surgical and other operations with characteristic patience and fortitude.

The young Congressman had the happy faculty of making friends easily and retaining friendships, and was noted for his love of fair play and fair dealing. He would dare the displeasure of the most influential rather than permit the person of no political significance whatsoever to be unfairly treated. This trait, it may be said, represented one of the strong elements of his popularity.

Hero, martyr, honest man, loyal citizen, true and devoted friend, it will be conceded by all that "Bon" BREMNER has not lived and died in vain.

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[The Trenton Times]

TO ROBERT GUNN BREMNER, the Representative of the seventh district in Congress, the end came Thursday morning. For nearly four years he had fought against the cancer that ate his life away, and for several years before the disease was recognized he had suffered from its ravages. Yet in all those years he went about his work—cheerful, genial, and brave—an example of the true man to all who knew him. Loved and admired by his many friends, he was respected by all.

No stronger tribute to his worth can be paid than is contained in these words, uttered by President Wilson in the closing days of the 1912 campaign, "If in all your life you knew a better, truer, and more indomitable fighter, I'd like to have you show

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## TRIBUTES

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him to me. He is ever ready to battle on and on for principle. Odds do not daunt him. After meeting him I feel like an old storage battery that has been renewed by such contact. Now, let us have some of that electric power at Washington. There are fighters there, but they would be encouraged and heartened if they could see BREMNER once a day—this indomitable, plucky soul."

The courage and absolute unselfishness of the man was shown in these words to some of his friends, while Mr. BREMNER lay upon his deathbed: "If experimenting with me has added a new fact to science, then my life has not been in vain, but has helped the race. My life is not worth one-tenth the effort that has been put forth to save it. Some poor soul who comes after me may benefit. Some day science will conquer cancer, and I think I would rather be in the category of those who were in the fight and helped to win the victory than to be one of those who placidly reaped the benefit."

Cut off in the prime of his years—he was only 40—the world is the better because he has lived in it. Born in humble circumstances, he had by hard study qualified himself for the work of an editor and statesman. He served his city well, and would have rendered good service to his country if his life had been spared. Passaic city and county, the State of New Jersey, and the country have lost a citizen whose place can not be filled.

## MEMORIAL SERVICES IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

### ADDRESS BY HERBERT JANVRIN BROWNE

An address in honor of the late ROBERT GUNN BREMNER was delivered by Mr. Herbert Janvrin Browne, of Washington, D. C., at a memorial meeting held in the Public Library of the District of Columbia on Monday evening, April 27, 1914, under the auspices of the Tax Reform Association of the District of Columbia and the Woman's Single Tax League. Mr. H. Martin Williams, Reading Clerk of the House of Representatives, presided over the meeting.

Mr. Browne said of the late Representative BREMNER:

"ROBERT GUNN BREMNER was born in Caithness, Scotland, within sight of John O'Groat's, 40 years ago. He spoke Gaelic until he came to America a lad of 5, but became a finished scholar through his own efforts, writing and speaking an English of unusual force and purity.

"I shall speak but briefly of his biography. He won his way by arduous labor to the ownership of a successful daily newspaper in Passaic, N. J.; was elected to Congress as a Democrat in a Republican district by a large plurality, and passed on February 5, 1914, mourned and beloved by all who knew him.

"'ROR' BREMNER was a fundamental Democrat, a Single Taxer, a disciple of Henry George. He was a philosopher, a scholar, and a poet. His democracy dwelt not in statutes, but in the hearts and minds of men. He was a lover of all humanity, with sympathies so broad and deep, with an understanding of human needs so comprehensive and so loving, that he had not an enemy on earth, not even in the ranks of those whom he opposed with tongue and pen. The stones in the streets kissed his feet, and stray dogs followed him in his nightly wanderings.

"It was my good fortune to meet with him at the beginning of his congressional career, and our acquaintance ripened into an enduring and constant friendship. I was with him frequently. I visited at his charming and modest home in Passaic, where, surrounded by friends and books, he sought surecease from the constant pain of his bitter physical affliction.

"He had the patience of a philosopher and the soul of a saint. His physical life for years was a daily torture, but from his lips fell no word of complaint. He had ready sympathy for the suffering of others; his own martyrdom he conquered with a smile.

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## MEMORIAL SERVICES IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

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“ Between us came that understanding born of mutual political aims, of common experiences of life, on farms, in printing offices, and of contact with the sea. His father had been a fisherman where the North Sea sent its stinging spray against the Scottish shores. And the sea had yielded tribute and had taken its toll of wreck and loss.

“ ‘ ROB ’ BREMNER knew the economic tale of the emigrant. He had seen the highlands stripped of men to make way for deer parks. He had smelled the smoke of burning crofts. While the gallant sons of Scotland fought the battles of Britain in distant fields, landlordism, more cruel than a foreign conqueror, was baring the glens of their peasantry for the whims of the lairds of the north. Together we read from the pages of Plutarch the terrible indictment of Tiberius Graecus against the landlordism of ancient Rome:

“ ‘ The wild beasts have their dens, their lairs, their hiding places, but the men who have fought and bled in defense of Italy have only light and air but no place to lay their heads. Houseless and homeless they wander with their wives and children, while their leaders, with lies in their mouths, exhort them to fight for their altars, their fires, and the tombs of their ancestors; they have no homes, no altars, no ancestral tombs. We call them “ lords of the earth,” yet when they die they have not a clod to call their own.’

“ So in ‘ ROB ’ BREMNER’s breast was lit that lamp of fundamental democracy which no wind of political expediency can ever extinguish. He saw, as we all see, how the single tax means the destruction of privilege and the unloosing of the imprisoned energies of man. He saw, as we all see, that the philosophy of Henry George leads to the spiritual regeneration of the human race, to the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

“ Long ago BREMNER had departed from a narrow acceptance of religious creed and dogma. But he was a constant reader of the Bible, and understood and preached with a passionate devotion the social philosophy of the Nazarene. To love God with all one’s mind and heart and strength and soul is to obey His law; to love one’s neighbor as one’s self means the destruction of all that human greed and selfishness which have written into the statute books those legalized crimes against human rights and eternal justice which have reduced modern civilization to moral anarchy.

“ We coined a word to express our philosophy. We called it ‘ Archy,’ the antithesis of ‘ Anarchy.’ We gave it a phrase: ‘ We believe in one law—the law of love.’ We agreed that if the world could be filled with love, all man-made laws upon the statute books would become dead letters, as unnecessary, as futile, as mummied as the clay codices of Babylon.

“ Withal, BREMNER was no closet dreamer, no lotus-eating philosopher, content with his own knowledge of the evil to be removed. He was filled with the intense practical sense of his

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## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE BREMNER

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Gaelic ancestry. He would work with the tools at hand. His bill now pending in Congress for the establishment of a bureau of industrial safety is proof not alone of the direction of his sympathies, but of his desire to attack the present evils in labor conditions with the best equipment that the law can provide. It was constantly in his mind.

"When Dr. Howard Kelly came into his room in the Baltimore sanitarium one day last January, and with tears in his eyes, his voice shaking with emotion, pronounced the fatal verdict:

"'Rou, medical science has done all which lies in its power. Radium can not cure you'—

"BREMNER turned with his kindly smile and said:

"'Doctor, let us talk about something more important. Let me tell you about my bill for a bureau of industrial safety.'

"Self-sacrifice had been the keynote of BREMNER's character. In no incident was this more clearly set forth than in his consenting at the solicitation of President Wilson to take the radium treatment at Baltimore.

"'My life,' he said, 'is not worth one-tenth of the effort that has been put forth to save it. I am ready for the scrap heap, but I feel the cutting and the doctoring has added to the knowledge of how best to fight cancer. Some poor soul who comes after may benefit.'

"'The question is not whether I am going to get well or not, but rather if I am going to live up to ideals under tests; for dying gamely is just as helpful to the race as living bravely.'

"'Some day science will conquer cancer, and I would rather be in the category of those who were in the fight and helped win the victory than to be one of those to placidly reap the benefit.'

"I heard former Speaker Thomas B. Reed's eulogy on Gen. John A. Logan some score of years ago.

"'Logan,' said he, 'was of the old Homeric type. He made the welkin ring when the world went wrong with him.'

"Not such was BREMNER. He bore his own suffering in silence. His voice was raised only in behalf of great principles and the cause of humanity; and yet with so much charity, such gentle consideration of his opponents, that he made friends of the very ones he attacked.

"Our dear friend's reading was wide, varied, and thorough. To have once read was to have memorized and absorbed. His library was generous and valuable. It was the workroom of a student and a journalist. There his brain fed with unflagging appetite. The physical body has its limitations, but the mind of man is infinite in its capacity. These feet of clay cling to the earth from which they come, but our thoughts dwell with the stars. Says Hamlet: 'I could be bounded in a nutshell, yet count myself a king of infinite space.'

"BREMNER had the mind of a poet, and the masters of English song were the companions and solace of many a sleepless night.

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## MEMORIAL SERVICES IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

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I had once ventured the remark that could we know the secret of a single fallen leaf we would know all the mysteries of creation, and with instant comprehension and feeling he recited from Tennyson:

“‘ Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies;  
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.’

“ He had shown kindly appreciation of a modest poem of my own entitled ‘The Lamp,’ and in return introduced me to the greatest lyric in the English language, Francis Thompson’s ‘Hound of Heaven,’ from which I crave the privilege of reading a few verses. This copy, autographed by BREMNER, is among my most treasured possessions. We traced its sentiment through a sermon by the great French pulpit orator, Bossuet, to a thought of St. Augustine’s:

“‘ I fled Him down the nights and down the days;  
I fled Him down the arches of the years;  
I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways  
Of my own mind, and in the mist of tears  
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.  
    Up vistaed hopes I sped  
    And shot precipitated  
Adown titanic glooms of chasmèd fears  
From those strong feet that followed, followed after.  
    But with unhurrying chase  
    And unperturbed pace  
Deliberate speed, majestic instance,  
    They beat, and a Voice beat  
    More instant than the feet:—  
“All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.”

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Across the margent of the world I fled  
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,  
Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars,  
    Fretted with dulcet jars  
And silvèn chatter the pale ports o’ the moon,  
I said to Dawn: “ Be sudden,” to Eve: “ Be soon.  
With thy young skyey blossoms heap me over  
    From this tremendous lover.  
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see.”  
I tempted all His servitors, but to find  
My own betrayal in their constancy,  
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,  
Their traitorous trueness and their loyal deceit.

To all swift things for swiftness did I sue,  
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind  
But whether they swept, swiftly fleet,  
The long savannahs of the blue  
Or whether, thunder driven,  
They clang'd His chariot thwart a heaven,  
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet,  
Fear wist not to evade as love wist to pursue.  
Still with unhurrying chase  
And unperturbed pace  
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
Came on the following feet  
And the Voice above their beat:—  
"Naught shelters thee, who will not shelter Me."

Now of that long pursuit  
Comes on at hand the bruit.  
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea.  
"And is thy earth so marred  
Shattered in shard on shard?  
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou illest Me.  
Strange, piteous, futile thing!  
Wherefore should any set thee love apart  
Since none but I makes much of naught" (said He)  
"And human love needs human meriting,  
How hast thou merited  
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?  
Alack! Thou knowest not  
How little worthy of any love thou art.  
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee  
Save Me, save only Me?  
All that I took of thine I did but take,  
Not for thy harms,  
But just that thou mightst seek it in mine arms.  
All that thy child's mistake  
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home.  
Rise, clasp my hand, and come."

Halts by me that footfall,  
Is my gloom, after all,  
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?  
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,  
I am He whom thou seekest,  
Thou dravest Love from thee, when thou dravest Me."

"Honour GUNN BREMNER, journalist, philosopher, poet, friend of all living things, has gone to his reward. He walks with the great ones who have passed. In shady groves he sits with the

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## MEMORIAL SERVICES IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

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philosophers. With unclouded eyes he sees the mysteries of the world now solved and clear of vision.

"In the words of the prophet: 'He was so pure of heart he saw no evil.'

"In one of the last visits I paid to him in Baltimore he was reading that wonderful passage from 1 John:

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. Therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knows Him not.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

"And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

"ROB' BRENNER's frail and twisted tenement could no longer hold that lofty spirit. It has passed from temporal darkness and constant pain into Eternal Light. He rests in peace. Let us rejoice."















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